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Christchurch Castle and Church.



THE view of the ruins of the Castle and Church of Christchurch, in Hampshire, which we present to our readers, is from an original sketch with which we have been favoured by an eminent artist. It shows as much as can be shown in the space of both the castle and the church, equally venerable for their antiquity.

The town of Christchurch is situated a little above the confluence of the rivers Avon and Stour, about two miles from the sea. On entering the town, at a small distance from the street, on the left, there are the remains of a stone building, measuring about 70 feet in length, and 30 feet in breadth, which Mr. Grose is of opinion belonged to Christchurch Castle, and might have been the state apartment of the constable or governor. About a hundred yards to the westward of these ruins, on a large mount, evidently raised for the purpose, are the remains of the keep of the castle. The walls appear to have been more than ten feet thick. The height of the building cannot be well ascertained, as it is evidently lowered considerably by time. The mount on which it stands is called Castle-hill; a name which denotes its former use and conse-

quence. The time when, and the person by whom, this castle was erected, are particulars altogether uncertain, though there is some reason, from the style of architecture which may be traced in its ruins, and from other circumstances, to suppose that it was erected sometime during the twelfth century.

The church from which the town receives its present name is a venerable structure, and formerly belonged to the priory. Mr. Warner, who attentively examined this church, imagines it to have been originally erected by Ralph Flambard, bishop of Durham, who also built the priory, in the time of William Rufus.

The total length of the church is 341 feet; and its breadth, at the western extremity, 60 feet. The tower, which is a massy square fabric, measures, from the top of the edifice to the ground, 120 feet, and is about 23 feet square. Half-way up the tower, on the outside, under a Gothic niche, stands an image of our Saviour wearing a crown of thorns, having the right hand raised, as if to give a blessing, and holding a cross in the left. Under this image is a large Gothic window, nearly thirty feet high. There is a de-

lightful and extensive prospect from the top of the surrounding country, the beauty of which is much increased by the windings of the Avon and Stour, gently flowing towards the sea.

The principal entrance into the church is through a large porch, at the south-western extremity. At the west end of the nave, on the right, is a very ancient font. In the northern semi-transept are two little chantries, or oratories, adjoining each other, and apparently of the same age. The arms of the earls of Salisbury, which appear in different parts, seem to prove their having been erected by some of the family. In the chantry, nearest the north-east aisle, is an ancient flat monument, on which lie the full-length figures of a knight and his lady, traditionally recorded to have been erected to the memory of a Sir John Chidiock of Dorsetshire, and his wife, the former of whom was slain in one of the battles between the houses of York and Lancaster.

The curious carved oaken wainscot of the chancel has suffered but little injury from time. On each side of the choir are fifteen ancient stalls, and six at the west end; two of which on each side of the entrance have carved canopies. That on the right was the seat of the prior; the other of the sub-prior; and a third of the same kind, at the east end of the south row, was the seat of the reader of the priory. Below the stalls are as many armed seats, and under the benches of both the seats and stalls, which turn up, are several strange and ludicrous carved figures, very ill adapted to the situation which they occupy. In one of these pieces of carved work a friar is represented under the emblem of a fox, with a cock for his clerk, preaching to a congregation of geese, who are greedily listening to his deceitful words; under another of the seats is an enormously fat baboon, with a cowl on his head, reclining on a pillow; a rat eating up a mess of porridge from a zany, while his back is turned, &c.

At the east end of this chancel is the high altar, to which we ascend by four steps, on the uppermost of which is a flat monumental stone, inscribed to the memory of Baldwin de Redvers, one of the lords of the Isle of Wight, who died September 1, A.D. 1216. Under this stone and the high altar is a subterraneous chapel, supposed to have been founded as a burying-place for the De Redvers family. The altar-piece is highly curious, and coeval, in Mr. Warner's opinion, with Bishop Flambard, the founder of the church. We cannot do better than give the description of this ancient piece of sculpture in that gentleman's own

words:—"The lower compartment of the altar has three figures, in as many separate niches; the one on the left hand is David playing on a harp; that on the right is Solomon sitting in a musing attitude, to denote his wisdom; in the middle is Jesse, in a recumbent posture, and supporting his head with his right hand; from his loins spring the stem of a tree, crowned with foliage, which supports a piece of sculpture, representing the nativity of Christ. Here we see the Virgin seated, with the infant Jesus in her lap; to whom one of the wise men is offering a cup, with a lid to it, like a plain tankard; behind him stand two of his companions, with gifts in their hands also; while Joseph is to be seen on the left in a posture of admiration. Above the Virgin the projecting heads of an ox and ass point out the circumstance of our Lord's birth-place. These are again surmounted by shepherds and sheep, in high relief; the former looking upwards to a group of angels, immediately over whom God the Father, decorated with wings, extends his arms. Exclusive of these figures (most of which are mutilated), there are thirty-two smaller ones, which any one well skilled in the Romish calendar might identify, from the attributes, or emblems, they all individually bear. Nine larger niches are now destitute of the images that formerly ornamented them, though from the appearance of fastenings which remain it is evident they were not always empty."

On the north side of this altar is a beautiful little chapel, built by Margaret, countess of Salisbury; and behind the altar is the chapel of the Virgin Mary.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF ALL NATIONS.

No. III.

THE PERSIANS.

(For the Mirror.)

If contiguity to our eastern dominions, and celebrity in ancient history, can render Persia interesting to the reader, an account of its inhabitants must be equally acceptable.

The Persians are governed by a king, *Feih Ali Shah*, a mild, intelligent, and active prince. During his reign the arts and sciences have considerably advanced. Sir Robert Ker Porter, in his "*Travels*," describes his majesty in terms to this effect:—"His face is exceedingly pale, of a polished marble hue, his nose very aquiline, with brilliant dark eyes, and a beard as black as jet, of extraordinary length.

Though his complexion, as before observed, is extremely pale, yet when he speaks on subjects that interest him, a vivid colour rushes to his cheek, but only for a moment, it passes so transiently away. The established religion is the Mahometan, though other beliefs are tolerated. The Persians have a most extraordinary respect for the memory of *Ali*, the son-in-law of the prophet. On this subject Mr. Francklin relates the following anecdote, which he witnessed himself:—One of the guides on the road having reproved another for saying, “*O God! O Ali!*” his zealous companion observed, “*No, no, Ali first, God second!*” The religion of these people consists chiefly in outward forms, not the inward heart. Though of the same belief as the Turks, yet they are far more liberal in their sentiments, as the subjoined anecdote from “*Persia in Miniature*” exemplifies:—“A *mullah* preaching one day in a mosque, strongly insisted on the examination which the deceased have to undergo from the angels of death, *Nekyr* and *Monkry*, as soon as they are deposited in the tomb. ‘Don’t believe a word of it!’ cried one of the congregation, ‘for one of my slaves died a few days since; I filled his mouth with rice, and on digging him up again to-day, the rice was just as I left it. Now it is morally impossible for a man to give answers even to angels with his mouth full.’ Such an argument brought forward in any other place than a mosque in Turkey would not have passed without answer.”—Vol. ii. p. 119 and 120.

Mr. Scott Waring, speaking of their religious festivals, mentions the following one held in commemoration of the death of the Caliph Omar:—

“They erect a large platform, on which they fix an image, disfigured and deformed as much as possible. Addressing themselves to the image, they begin to revile it for having supplanted *Ali*, the lawful successor of the prophet; at length, having exhausted all their expressions of abuse, they suddenly attack the image with stones and sticks, till they have shattered it into pieces. The inside is hollow and full of sweetmeats, which are greedily devoured by the mob, who attend the ceremony.” The Persians are one of the most superstitious nations in the world; should they, at the commencement of a journey, hear a stranger sneeze, they would not proceed on any account; and even the king will not venture to undertake an expedition, or leave his capital, without previously consulting his astrologer. Though the Persian laws are severe, yet they are administered with

very little justice. “A judge (observes ‘*Persia in Miniature*’) will refuse his decision, unless the parties previously bribe him to the exercise of his functions; nay, he will even claim a share of the profits of his servants.”—Vol. i. p. 239 and 240.

The following is, according to Sir Robert Porter, the Persian method of taking the honey from bees, by which the cruel practice of destroying these useful insects is avoided:—“The hives are constructed like long thin barrels thrust through the mud walls of the house; one end opens to the air for the entrance of the bees, and the other, which projects more than a foot into the inhabited rooms, is closed with a cake of clay. When the owner wishes to take the honey, he has only to make a continued noise for some little time at the closed end, which causes all the bees to take flight at the other. During their absence he removes the clay, and clears the hive of honey, leaving, however, sufficient for their winter supply. The inner end is re-closed, and the little labourers soon return to their home to commence their operations anew.”—“Porter’s Travels.”

The Persians have a singular fancy for our watches, on which subject a recent traveller relates the following story:—“An inhabitant of *Tungsteer*, to the southward of *Bushire*, finding a watch which some one had dropped, held it in his hand till he heard it beating, which he thought very extraordinary, as it neither walked nor moved. He put it to his ear, and heard it more distinctly. After considering some time, he cried out, ‘Wretch, where are you? come out!’ and threw it in a passion on the ground. The watch still went; he then very deliberately took up a large stone and dashed it to pieces. The noise ceased, and congratulating himself upon it he exclaimed, ‘Aha! have I killed you?’”

A singular marriage, called *moutah*, exists in Persia, the duration of which is fixed by the taker. “A man (says ‘*Persia in Miniature*’) whose circumstances do not permit him to form a jointure for a legitimate wife, takes one on lease, and when he feels himself susceptible of constancy, or pride forbids him to give her up to another, the lease is sometimes for ninety-nine years.”—Vol. ii. p. 17 and 18.

Their funerals are conducted with great magnificence. The tombs of the higher orders are very handsome, and are surmounted by small cupolas. The common people have only a piece of stone over their graves, on which a passage from the Koran generally appears. Education is in a very flourishing condition

in Persia. A recent interesting publication, speaking of the education of the children of the lower classes, remarks, "They are never seen running about the streets, getting corrupted by bad examples and bad language, contracting a fondness for play, quarrelling and fighting. They usually begin to go to school at the age of six years, and attend it twice a day." The houses of the Persians have a miserable appearance, being mostly built of brick, and stuccoed over with a plaster made of mud and chopped straw. The following will afford an idea of the mode of Persian living:—Their breakfast consists of grapes and other fruits in season, with bread, and cheese made of goat's milk; a cup of strong coffee, without milk or sugar, is then taken, and the repast is finally concluded by the *kallion* or pipe. Their dinner generally consists of fruit, bread, cheese, and butter. The next meal is the *shamee* or supper, which is usually a pilau, dressed with rich sauces, &c. It is worthy of remark, that the Persians eat invariably with their fingers, the use of knives and forks being wholly unknown. I cannot better conclude my account of their manner of living than by quoting Kotzebue's amusing description of an entertainment given to the gentlemen of the Russian embassy by the Serdar of Erivan. "I shall only mention (says Kotzebue) the things on the table which stood opposite to Dr. Müller and myself: from these some idea may be formed of the other dishes. First came a large pancake, which not only covered the whole table, but hung over it on all sides nearly half a yard deep; it is called *tshurek*, and serves the Persians both for bread and napkin; then half a sheep, the leg of an ox, two dishes filled with various roasted meats, five dishes of ragouts sprinkled with saffron, two dishes of boiled rice, two of boiled fowls, two of roast fowls, two roasted geese, two dishes of fish, two bowls of sour milk, a large quantity of sherbet, and four jars of wine; but with all these was neither knife, fork, nor spoon. One dish was piled upon another with such rapidity, that Dr. Müller and myself suddenly found ourselves stationed behind an intrenchment of viands, which concealed all view of the court, and only allowed us a peep at our friends opposite through the interstices of the multiplied dishes. Through one of these openings I endeavoured to observe what the Serdar was doing. With his left hand resting on his dagger, for the Persians never eat with the left, he gravely stretched out his right into a dish of greasy rice, of which he kneaded a small portion with three

fingers, and conveyed it with great address into his mouth, seldom soiling either his beard or his mustachios. After repeating this operation several times, he broke a piece off the enormous pancake, and having wiped his fingers with it, swallowed it with an air of placid satisfaction. In the same manner he poked into a variety of dishes which he fancied, and at last seized a goblet of sherbet, and drinking it off, smiled around upon his wondering guests. Scarcely any of the party had tasted any of the dishes, from the impossibility of getting at them; for not one of them could have been removed from the middle without demolishing the structure of the whole. The signal for clearing the tables was at last given, and the removal of the dishes occasioned some curious scenes. The dish of ragouts could not be separated from the plate of sour cream, upon which it so conveniently reposed; the butter had entered into close alliance with the pancake; and the fish would not dissolve partnership with the roasted fowls. Force, however, succeeded at last in effecting the desired separation, and the eatables were delivered up to the persons waiting outside."

Mr. Morier, describing a Persian city, observes, "In the summer season, as the operations of domestic life are mostly performed in the open air, every kind of noise is heard. At night, all sleep on the tops of their houses, their beds being spread upon their terraces, without any other covering over head than the vault of heaven. The poor seldom have a screen to keep them from the gaze of passengers; and as we generally rode out on horseback at an early hour, we perceived on the tops of houses people either still in bed or just getting up, and certainly no sight was ever stranger. The women appeared to be always up the first, while the men were frequently seen lounging in bed long after the sun was risen."—"When it is time to retire to rest, (says 'Persia in Miniature,') a mattress is spread upon the carpet, with a blanket or counterpane, and two pillows of down. This is all the bed used by the Persians, and they lie in it without undressing. The mattress is of velvet, and the counterpane of silk brocade, or cloth of gold or silver."—Vol. iii. p. 78 and 79. According to Mr. Francklin, the following ceremony is observed by the Persians at the naming of their children:—"The third or fourth day (says that gentleman) after the child is born, the friends and relations of the woman who has lain-in, assemble at her house, attended by music and dancing-girls hired for the occasion; after playing and dancing some time, a

mollah or priest is introduced, who, taking the child in his arms, demands of the mother what name she chooses the infant should be called by; being told, he begins praying, and after a short time applies his mouth close to the child's ear, and tells him distinctly three times (calling him by name) to remember and be obedient to his father and mother, to venerate his Koran and his Prophet, to abstain from those things which are unlawful, and to practise those things which are good and virtuous. Having repeated the Mahometan profession of faith, he then re-delivers the child to its mother; after which the company are entertained with sweetmeats and other refreshments, a part of which the females present always take care to carry away in their pockets, believing it to be the infallible means of their having offspring themselves."—Observations on a Tour made in the years 1786-7.

In person the men are tall and graceful. Their outer garment is a robe made of cloth; round the waist they wear a girdle, into which is stuck the *candjar* or dagger, sometimes adorned with gems of value. The *kolah* or cap, worn by the Persians, is made of lamb-skin, and is very warm and convenient. Their slippers are green, with heels an inch in thickness. The shoes of the lower orders are made either of strong leather or quilted cotton. A Persian has a most extraordinary veneration for the beard, on which he bestows great pains. "In the morning (says 'Persia in Miniature'), as soon as he rises, at night before he retires to rest, after his meals, and several times in the course of the day, he carefully washes it, dries it with a cloth, combs and trims it. A mirror and a comb, which he always carries about him, enable him to adjust it at any moment of the day, when it has been deranged by the wind, or by the accidental brushing of something against it. The beard is fresh-dyed every fortnight. The operation is as follows: A paste is first made with *henna* (the pulverized leaves of the *cyperus*), and copiously rubbed over the beard; it is removed in an hour, by which time it has communicated a deep orange colour to the hair. Another paste made of indigo leaves, reduced to powder, is then applied, and left on two hours. During this time the person lies at full length on his back. When this indigo paste is removed, the beard appears of a dark-green colour, which turns to black after twenty-four hours' exposure to the air."—Vol. ii. p. 184 and 185.

The females are mostly handsome and well formed. They take much pains to

heighten their personal charms by art, dyeing their hair and eye-brows with a preparation for the purpose. Their costume is very simple; over a pair of thick velvet trousers is worn a *peerahun* or chemise, generally made of silk, gauze, or muslin, which is fastened round the waist by a girdle, enriched with precious stones. In winter a short jacket is added. They arrange their hair in tresses, which falling down behind, present an elegant appearance. Their heads are covered with costly shawls, which are worn entirely according to the taste of the wearer. Their slippers are yellow, with an ivory or metal sole. The character of the Persians may be summed up in the following words: The vices of these people seem more to proceed from a want of cultivation than innate badness of heart. The defects of a nation generally depend on the religion it professes; and such is the case with the Persians. A Persian will profess a most reverential respect for the name of his Maker, yet on the first opportunity he will violate his precepts; he will observe with punctuality the outward ceremonies of his belief, yet the next moment he will defraud his dearest friend. If you visit a Persian he will overwhelm you with flattery, but when you quit his presence he will load you with abuse. When, however, we minutely examine his religious creed, can we for an instant wonder at his frailties? The Koran, though containing some moral passages, by permitting polygamy, certainly conduces to sensuality, and is altogether a book very unlikely to improve the mind. According to the best authorities, the Persians are a mild, polite, and intelligent people, and exercise hospitality and charity to an extent that would do honour to the most civilized nation. "Be ye," says Djami, one of their poets, "like the trees laden with fruit and planted by the road-side; they give shade and fruit to all, even to those who pelt them with stones." Notwithstanding their moral defects, they are certainly in an improving condition. European discipline has been introduced into their army, and other improvements adopted; and with a better religion and purer laws, they may attain their ancient rank among nations.

W. C.—r.

GAMES OF GREECE.

(For the Mirror.)

FROM the most early times, it had been customary among the Greeks to hold numerous meetings for purposes of festivity and social amusement. A foot race, a wrestling match, or some other rude trial

of bodily strength and activity, formed, originally, the principal entertainment; so far, only more respectable in its kind than our country wakes, as it had more immediate reference to that almost ceaseless warfare which prevailed in elder Greece. It was probably the connexion of these games with the warlike character, that occasioned their introduction at funerals in honour of the dead; a custom which, in Homer's time, we can learn was ancient, by referring to the 22nd book of his *Iliad* (latter part), and also his *Odyssey*, book 24, v. 87.

But all the violence of the early ages was unable to repress that elegance of imagination which seems congenial to Greece. Very anciently, a contention for a prize in poetry and music was a favourite entertainment of the Grecian people, and when connected, as it often was, with some ceremony of religion, drew together large assemblies of both sexes. A festival of this kind was held in the little island of Delos, which, Homer asserts, brought many hundreds from different parts, by sea. And Hesiod informs us of a splendid meeting at Chalcis, in Eubœa, where himself obtained a prize for poetry and song. The contest in music and poetry seems to have been particularly connected with the worship of Apollo. When this was carried from the island of Ægea to Delphi, a prize for poetry was instituted, whence arose the Pythian games. But it appears from Homer, *Od.* 8., that games in which athletic exercises, and music, and dancing, were alternately introduced, made a common amusement in the courts of princes; and before his time, the manner of conducting them was so far reduced to a system, that public judges of the games are mentioned as a kind of established magistracy. The games thus improved greatly resemble the tilts and tournaments of the ages of chivalry. Men of high rank only presumed to engage in them, but a large concourse of all orders attended as spectators; and to keep order among these was perhaps the most necessary office of the judges.

But the most solemn meetings, and which drew together people of distinguished rank and character, often from distant parts, were at the funerals of eminent men. The paramount sovereigns of Peloponnesus did not disdain to attend these, which were celebrated with every circumstance of magnificence and splendour that the age could afford. The funeral of Patroclus, described by Homer in his *Iliad*, may be considered as an example of what the poet could imagine in its kind most complete.

The games in which prizes were there contended for, were the chariot race, the foot race, boxing, wrestling, throwing the quoit and the javelin, shooting with the bow, and fencing with the spear. And in times when none could be rich or powerful but the strong and active, expert and martial exercises, all those trials of skill appear to have been esteemed equally becoming men of the highest rank, though it may seem from the prizes offered, and the persons contending at the funeral of Patroclus, the poet himself saw, in the game of the cestus, some incongruity with exalted characters. J. T. C.

BY A YOUNG LADY AGED TEN YEARS.

(For the Mirror.)

FAREWELL my pretty little Bird,
I mourn thy early doom,
I'll now with care thy body lay
Securely in thy tomb.

Thou'st well requited all my care,
Which I have shewn to thee;
A little song was all I ask'd,
Which oft thou'st sang to me.

C. E. L.

Sights of London.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS,

Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, East.

IN No. CLXXXVII. of the *MIRROR* we gave an engraving of the *Gallery of the Society of British Artists*, and called the attention of our readers to this excellent Society, the nature of which we described. Its object is not to oppose any existing establishment, but to promote the Fine Arts in this country, by affording British artists a fair opportunity of exhibiting and selling their productions, which no other institution in London does sufficiently.

In the two former exhibitions of this Society, for this is only its third year, the purchases and commissions for pictures produced nearly £8,000. while the receipts at the doors exceeded the demands of those seasons which were unavoidably expensive.

The third exhibition was opened to the public on Monday the 27th ult. and we are happy to state that it is decidedly superior to the two former in every class of art. The leading members of the Society have added to their former reputation, and the junior artists exhibit many works of high promise. In the department of landscape painting this Society offers a great treat to the admirers of that

beautiful branch of the arts, in the works of Messrs. Hoffland, Linton, Glover, Wilson, Stanfield, Nasmyth, Roberts, Stanley, Noble, Tenant, &c.

Mr. Linton has a grand classical landscape, No. 130, "Greeks returning from victory;" and the admirers of Mr. Glover's style, will find no less than twelve pictures by this popular master. Mr. Hoffland's landscapes are full of truth, atmospheric, and local beauty. Mr. Wilson's "Morning after a Storm," No. 182, is a bold and successful attempt. The "Interior of the Pantheon at Paris," by Roberts, and "Cologne on the Rhine," by Stanfield, are equally worthy of attention. Mr. Martin will not, we think, add to his fame by his "Manfred," which is from Byron's drama of that name; but this artist has some clever studies from nature in the exhibition. Messrs. Fichter, Fraser, Sharpe, Prentice, and Clayter, display some clever and amusing subjects in familiar life; and Mr. Edwin Landseer's two large pictures of animals, are above all praise. In the "Dead Game," and "Still Life" of Messrs. Blake, Pidding, Lance, Bradley, &c. specimens will be found equal to the best works of the Dutch masters. The portraits are not numerous, but among these there are some of great promise by three young artists, Messrs. Wood, Leigh, and Meyer, jun. Mr. Lonsdale's portraits of the late Mr. Baron Wood, and the late Mr. Sharpe, the celebrated engraver, are highly creditable to the acknowledged talents of the artist. The veteran academician, Northcote, graces the walls of the Society with three pictures. No. 59, "The Burial of King Edward the Fifth, and Richard, duke of York, in the Tower of London," is one of the finest historical compositions of this great master. In the room devoted to miniatures, drawings, and engravings, much will be found to admire, and in sculpture, there are some clever works by Messrs. Garrard, Rossi, Henning, Physick, Deville, &c.

We may now congratulate the Society on their complete success, exemplified in their splendid exhibition, and the crowd of visitors that have attended since the opening is, we trust, an earnest of increased and increasing support from the public. Although the galleries were opened at a time when the fashionable world is principally in the country, yet we understand several pictures have been sold, and some commissions given for others.

SHelley Common-Place Book, No. XII.

SHELLEY AND HIS POETRY.

POOR Shelley is a melancholy subject to write or to think about. That he was a man of singular genius, none who has read his poems or any one of them will question. Miserable that such talent should have been frittered away and scattered as a hopeless wreck on the waters of human life! More miserable still, that he died in his early days, leaving the world no evidence that better things were working, and a brighter light of truth dawning in his powerful mind, before he passed away.

I never saw any memoir of Shelley, and shall not attempt anything like one here; but it would gratify, and instruct too many who admire his genius, and sometimes form an absurd wish to imitate him in peculiarities, which had he lived and given his mind a fair opportunity of calmly investigating truth, he would have been among the first to renounce. In the hope that some correspondent of the MIRROR, who may know much more about the matter than myself, may step forward and present something like a regular memoir of Shelley, it is my purpose at present, to give a few remarks upon some of his writings, which, however much all rightly constituted minds may lament their aberrations from correct principle and common sense, would have placed him in a very high rank as a poet, had not the works of Byron rolled away like a torrent every pretension that arose from any other quarter to poetic eminence.

At an early age, I am informed that he entered at University College, Oxford, and published very soon after his matriculation, at his own expense, a pamphlet, entitled *A Defence of Atheism*. What became of it no one knows, but that it was a paltry juvenile crudity, the result of profound ignorance, there can be no question. Oblivion has long ago cast her pall over it. Inquiry was soon made respecting the author; no attempt at concealment was made; the proper authorities charged Shelley with the act, and he declared that he was convinced of the truth of the statements contained in the said pamphlet, and ready to defend them; there was, of course, no alternative: he was expelled from the University. It may be presumed that about this time he composed *Queen Mab*, with notes abundant; the thing is clever in some parts as a poem, and considering it as the production of a young man of eighteen,

very promising, as far as talent goes; but he appears to have spent some labour on the notes, and truly they are very ridiculous. The most contemptible effort at argument against Christianity pervades them. He once, it seems, admired the founder of our faith, but as his mind acquired new lights on the subject, he rejected his former opinion as erroneous, and sagely settled the matter by deciding that our Saviour was an impostor, and the object of his life was to acquire the *kingdom of Judea*, for which he ultimately lost his life!! *Ohe! jam satis!* I should think most meanly of the faculties of any man who will honour these pages with a perusal, if, after this, a single word more were requisite to convince him, that such objections as were this misguided man's, to revealed truth, are *worth* an attempt at refutation.

The *Revolt of Islam*, which he introduces as his first serious appeal to the public, is a singularly wild and curious poem. Passages might be quoted from it, were it my design to embellish this paper with poesy, of surpassing power and beauty. I like, however, the introductory address to Mary — as well as any part of it; there is a sweetness and affection about it, that is very delightful

"So now my summer-task is ended, Mary,
And I return to thee, mine own heart's home,"
&c.

The object of the work, he states to be most praiseworthy, "to kindle within the bosoms of his readers a virtuous enthusiasm for all that is excellent and desirable among mankind;" the world is out of joint, and the spirit stirred within him to restore it to health, soundness, and perfection, liberty and justice; a high and comprehensive morality are words he is ever and anon declaiming about. None but Mr. Percy Bysshe Shelley knew anything about the nostrums for achieving the salvation of miserable, blind, deluded mortals. Out he sets therefore upon the work of knight-errantry, placarding by way of preface to the poem, his ample qualifications for the great adventure. No one could enter the field, he thinks, with so much prospect of success as a poet. The education of a poet, he seems assuredly to have enjoyed, he had been familiar from boyhood with mountains and lakes, the magnificent ocean, the stillness of the forest; he had trodden the glaciers of the Alps, and lived under the eye of Mont Blanc; he had sailed down mighty rivers, and seen the sun rise and set, and the stars come forth; and his converse had been among the hum of his fellow men, where he watched the passions

which rise and spread, and sink and change amongst assembled multitudes. He had witnessed the fell havoc and desolation of war, had conversed with the glorious intellects of the olden time, and mingled with the gifted spirits of the modern world. Such are the sources from which he drew his poetry—such the sources from which he imbibed his extraordinary opinions upon theological subjects, strengthened and confirmed, as they doubtless were, by a life, exhibiting anything but the purity—the high and comprehensive morality of which he vaunts so loudly. Misguided man! It is, alas! but too much the *interest* of such, that Christianity should be a system of falsehood and trickery! If the contrary of such a proposition be true, the alternative for them cannot be contemplated without a shudder. The wishes are verily fine logicians; they cozen the reason into dotage; but they cannot lull the voice of conscience—they cannot hush to rest the worm that never slumbers—nor quench the flame that will never die.

Shelley never read with a humble and subdued mind, amid all his various reading, one book, the most interesting and important, and splendid that was ever given to man—THE BIBLE. We know the consequences—knowledge and genius were sacrificed at the shrine of guilt; there was no true, firm foundation—there was no "anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast" for him. To him the glorious and tremendous, and beautiful works of nature, brought no reminiscences of that Almighty Being who "stretched out the Heavens as a curtain, and laid the foundation of the deep." He commenced with the wonders of creation, walked amid the solitudes of the groves; but his soul within him was restless and desolate, because he walked not with his God, and sought not by

"These stupendous scaffoldings, Creation's
golden steps
To climb to him."

Not so did Henry Martin the devoted missionary, not so did Charles Wolfe, the affectionate, the gifted minister of God's holy word, as they laboured in the varied and arduous work of instructing and enlightening their fellow mortals. In the magnificence of nature, they heard the voice of God; they communed with him with their own hearts, and experienced that perfect peace which they only can rationally expect to find, who seek it in the holy and consistent life of faith in Christ the Saviour. They died young, like Shelley, but what was loss to their

friends who loved them—to the world which could so ill spare them—was ceaseless gain to their own souls. At the prospect of death we know how poor Shelley quailed, how utterly he was unmanned, and his courage failed when the storm arose on the waters; but to the former truly great and brilliant characters, the grave had long lost its victory and death the sting, ere they were struck by the one, and sunk into the other. “Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for their end is peace.”

Edgar.

The Selector;

OR,
CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM
NEW WORKS.

ELEPHANT HUNT.

My friend, Tirab, the Shouaa Generalissimo, had long promised to kill me an elephant, as he expressed himself; and this day, about noon, a messenger came to our huts, saying, that after hunting an enormous male elephant for five hours, they had at length brought him to a stand, near Bree, about ten miles north-east of Koukar. Mr. Toole and myself instantly mounted our horses, and, accompanied by a Shouaa guide, we arrived at the spot where he had fallen, just as he had breathed his last. Although not more than twenty-five years old, his tusk measuring barely four feet six inches, he was an immense fellow. His dimensions were as under:—

	FT.	IN.
Length from the proboscis to the tail	25	6
Proboscis	7	6
Small teeth	2	10
Foot longitudinally	1	7
Eye	2	by 1½
From the foot to the hip bone	9	6
From the hip bone to the back	3	0
Ear	2	2 by 2 6

I had seen much larger elephants than this alive, when on my last expedition to the Tchad; some I should have guessed sixteen feet in height, and with a tusk probably exceeding six feet in length. The one before me, which was the first I had seen dead, was, however, considered as of more than common bulk and stature; and it was not until the Kanemboos of the town of Bree came out, and by attracting his attention with their yells, and teasing him by hurling spears at his more tender parts, that the Shouaas dared

to dismount, when, by ham-stringing the poor animal, they brought him to the ground, and eventually despatched him by repeated wounds in the abdomen and proboscis; five leaden bullets had struck him about the haunches in the course of the chase, but they had merely penetrated a few inches into his flesh, and appeared to give him but little uneasiness. The whole of the next day, the road leading to the spot where he lay was like a fair, from the numbers who repaired thither for the sake of bringing off a part of the flesh, which is esteemed by all, and even eaten in secret by the first people about the Sheikh; it looks coarse, but it is better flavoured than any beef found in the country. Whole families put themselves in motion, with their daughters mounted on bullocks, on this occasion, who at least hoped as much might fall to their share as would anoint their heads and persons plentifully with grease at the approaching fag. The eyes of this noble animal were, though so extremely small in proportion to his body, languid and expressive even in death. His head, which was brought to the town, I had an opportunity of seeing the next day, when I had it opened; and the smallness of the brain is in direct contradiction to the hypothesis that the size of this organ is in proportion to the sagaciousness of the animal. His skin was a full inch and a half in thickness, and dark grey or nearly black, hard and wrinkled; his ears, large and hanging, appeared to me the most extraordinary part about him, particularly from the facility with which he moved them backwards and forwards. His feet are round, undivided, and have four nails or hoofs, for they cannot be called toes, two in the front of the foot, about an inch in depth, and two inches in length, which joins each other with two smaller ones on each side of the foot. In Africa, they are scarcely ever taken alive, but hunted as a sport for the sake of their flesh; and also in order to obtain their teeth, which, however, as they are generally small, are sold to the merchants for a very trifling profit. The manner of hunting the elephant is simply this:—From ten to twenty horsemen single out one of these ponderous animals, and, separating him from the flock by screaming and hallooing, force him to fly with all his speed; after wounding him under the tail, if they can there place a spear, the animal becomes enraged. One horseman then rides, in front, whom he pursues with earnestness and fury, regardless of those who press on his rear, notwithstanding the wounds they inflict on him. He is

seldom drawn from this first object of his pursuit, and at last, wearied and transfixed with spears, his blood deluging the ground, he breathes his last under the knife of some more venturesome hunter than the rest, who buries his dagger in the vulnerable part near the abdomen; for this purpose, he will creep between the animal's hinder legs, and apparently expose himself to the greatest danger; when this cannot be accomplished, one or two will ham-string him while he is baited in the front; and this giant of quadrupeds then becomes an easy prey to his persecutors.—*Denham and Clapperton's Travels.*

THE BATTAS OF SUMATRA.

THERE are four principal Batta states, (the rajahs of which are the most powerful,) with which there is a communication from Delli; Seantar, the first, is the interior of Padang; Tanah Jawa, five days' journey from Delli. Silow in the interior of Bedagai, three days' journey from the borders of the territory of Delli; Sebaya Langa, six days' journey from Delli. From Seantar come wax, ivory, cotton, pulse, tobacco, slaves, and horses. From Tanah Jawa, and Silow, gold, wax, ivory, cotton, tobacco, and slaves. From Sebaya Langa, pepper, gambir, horses, wax, and ivory.

On the subject of writing, there has been a difference of opinion between two very eminent men. Mr. Marsden asserting that the Batta character is written from left to right, and Dr. Leyden, from the bottom to top, in a manner directly opposite to the Chinese, I took the trouble of ascertaining this point particularly. A Karau Karau Batta wrote, in my presence, from left to right upon paper with a pen; and the great cannibal rajah of Munto Panel wrote upon a joint of bamboo with a knife, from bottom to top; so that both authors are correct. Specimens are attached.

One of the chief causes of slaves being very numerous a few years ago, was the scarcity of rice in the Batta country, when the poor people brought down their children for sale. Slaves are now scarcely procurable on any terms in the interior of Delli, since the cultivation of pepper commenced to such an extent, the Battas having become rich and independent, and not requiring to sell their children for subsistence, or a more unworthy purpose, the gratification of their favourite propensities—gambling and opium smoking. Such are the blessed consequences of industry, cultivation, and commerce. There is no doubt, that as cultivation advances throughout that coast, so will civiliza-

tion; and in the course of not many years, perhaps, that abominable traffic in the human species, which existed to such a dreadful extent in former years, and still does prevail considerably at some of the less civilized states, will cease. It cannot be denied, however, that the existence of slavery in this quarter, in former years, was of immense advantage in procuring a female population for Pinang. From Assahan alone, there used to be sometimes three hundred slaves, principally females, exported to Malacca and Pinang in a year. The women get comfortably settled as the wives of opulent Chinese merchants, and live in the greatest comfort. Their families attach these men to the soil; and many never think of returning to their native country. The female population of Pinang is still far from being upon a par with the male; and the abolition therefore of slavery, has been a vast sacrifice to philanthropy and humanity. As the condition of the slaves who were brought to the British settlements, was materially improved, and as they contributed so much to the happiness of the male population, and the general prosperity of the settlement, I am disposed to think, (although I detest the principles of slavery as much as any man,) that the continuance of the system here could not, under the benevolent regulations which were in force to prevent abuse, have been productive of much evil. The sort of slavery indeed which existed in the British settlements in this quarter, had nothing but the name against it; for the condition of the slaves who were brought from the adjoining countries, was always ameliorated by the change; they were well fed and clothed; the women became wives of respectable Chinese; and the men who were in the least industrious, easily emancipated themselves, and many became wealthy. Severity by masters was punished; and, in short, I do not know any race of people who were, and had every reason to be, so happy and contented as the slaves formerly, and debtors as they are now called, who came from the east coast of Sumatra and other places.

The Battas in the interior of Batubara are of the tribe Kataran, and the principal state is Semilongan. They are cannibals, and of a peculiarly ferocious and untractable disposition; nor can they be prevailed upon to devote themselves either to agriculture or commerce, except sufficient only to keep them from absolute want and starvation.

If I had had any very serious doubts of the existence of this practice, they

would have been removed here; for the fact of cannibalism prevailing to a great extent, was well substantiated. The tumungong was married to one of the rajah of Scantar's daughters, and he represents that barbarous custom as being quite common in that country.

The Batta rajahs in this quarter give a daughter to any Malay chief who can afford to lay out three hundred or four hundred dollars upon the marriage ceremonies. They usually present ten or twelve slaves, a few horses, or some buffaloes, as a marriage portion; and the Malay, when he returns down the river, realises the amount of his outlay by the sale of a certain number of slaves, and keeps the surplus; besides perhaps having gained some privileges in being allowed to trade in certain parts of the interior, and securing the safety of his person. No wonder then that the daughters do not hang long upon their hands, as the Malays are not deficient in cunning, and have generally the right side of the bargain with the Battas.

Battubara is a free port, and the coins, weights, and measures, are the same as at the other ports. By a late regulation, however, sicca rupees, sukus, and talis, or the divisions of a dollar, are now to pass current.

The crime of murder is punishable by death, unless the offender has money enough to pay the fine, commutation, or blood-money, which is four hundred and forty-four dollars, and forty-four pice, which expiates the offence; if the head is wounded severely, half the above sum, or two hundred and twenty-two dollars, and twenty-two pice; from the shoulder to the waist, sixty-four dollars; below the waist, thirty-two dollars. The chief of the country gets half the amount, and the person wounded obtains the other portion, or the children of the deceased, in case the father is killed. If there are no children or near relations, the whole amount is appropriated to the chief's own use. For small offences, flogging with a rattan is the punishment.

Great numbers of the Battas who were employed by the sultan as soldiers, came to Delli; amongst the rest, one of a particularly ferocious and determined appearance, distinguished amongst his companions for his extraordinary courage, and also as an expert marksman with the matchlock. He was a native of Scantar in the interior, and he told me he had partaken of human flesh seven times. He mentioned this in the course of conversation, and of his own accord. He even specified the particular parts of the body which were esteemed the most deli-

cate. With the sword which he held in his hand, he said he had despatched four men, of whom he had eaten. He was completely equipped for battle, having upon his person a priming horn, cartouch box, cartridges, a matchlock of Menangkabau manufacture, a shield, and a spear, besides a case of ranjaus or sharp slips of bamboos slung over his shoulder. He was dressed in a bajoo of blue cloth, Achenese serwal or trousers, a tangulu kapala, or handkerchief for the head, and a small mat bag slung across the other shoulder, containing his flint, steel, serree, betel-nut, and tobacco.

One or two Battas who came from a place called Tongking, also mentioned their having partaken of human flesh repeatedly, and expressed their anxiety to enjoy a similar feast upon some of the enemy, pointing to the other side of the river. This they said was their principal inducement for engaging in the service of the sultan. Another displayed, with signs of particular pride and satisfaction, a kris, with which he said he had killed the seducer of his wife, and whose head he had severed from his body, holding it by the hair, and drinking the blood as it yet ran warm from the veins. He pointed to a spot of blood on the kris, and requested me to remark, that it was the blood of his victim, and which he put to his nose, smelling it with a zest difficult to describe, and his features assuming at the same time a ferocity of expression which would not have been very agreeable, had not my safety been guaranteed by my watchful Sepoy guard.

—Anderson's Mission to Sumatra.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

COUNT SCHEREMETIEFF.

THE young Russian Count Schérémétieff, who has been arrested under a suspicion of having been concerned in the conspiracy against the reigning family, and whom the emperor Nicholas, after interrogating him himself, has declared to be innocent, is a personage of importance, both as respects his name and his immense riches. He is an officer in the regiment of horse guards, which on the day of revolt was commanded by general Alexis Orloff, a regiment which holds the first rank on account of the great privileges it enjoys, its rich and magnificent appointments, and more especially from the circumstance of the sons of the noblest families being ambitious of serving in it.

This young man has been an orphan from his infancy. His mother was originally a slave, but having been married by her master, was raised to the rank of her husband. His father at his death left the administration of his property to the emperor, whom he appointed his heir in case of the death of his son. His will in other respects was equally singular. He ordered that his son should have only Russians for tutors and governors; he established some curious and peremptory rules for his studies and mode of life; and in compliance with his wishes, his son occupied for a considerable period a vast number of sleeping rooms, in order that he might breathe a purer air, and have the advantage of changing it every night.

Count Schérémétieff is lord of 150,000 peasants, and of immense estates and magnificent palaces in several cities or lordships which belong to him. Each peasant pays him annually an abroch, or a tax of twenty roubles, which is the minimum of taxation exacted by a Russian noble, and which he can at pleasure raise to 100 roubles, the usual sum, and thus quintuple his revenue. Amongst his slaves are some rich merchants, one of whom, it is said, has offered 300,000 roubles for his enfranchisement, which has been refused, it being the glory of a Russian nobleman to reckon amongst his slaves merchants of wealth and consequence.

This young nobleman is of a mild and amiable disposition. His education has not been so carefully superintended as it might have been had his health been less delicate. He is very charitable, and supports at a great expense the magnificent hospital which his father has erected at Moscow. A great portion of his fortune, to the amount of 15,000,000 roubles, is placed in the Imperial bank. The reader may judge how unlikely it was for a young man, under such circumstances, to have compromised the safety of a government to which so immense a portion of his fortune was confided, and who would have lost all had anarchy or disorder reached his estates, the richest and most prosperous in Russia.—*Monthly Magazine*.

ANCIENT LONGEVITY.

M. DUREAU DE LA MALLE presented a model of the property-tables of the ancient Romans, during the long period which elapsed from Servius Tullius to Justinian. This model, which comprehends all the details of the ancient authors, is divided into three parts, which

are arranged in great order, and which relate in various ways to the condition of the father of every family, to that of the family itself, and to the value of its property. M. de la Malle also presented a table of great interest, showing the probabilities of human life at different ages among the Romans. The following is a copy of it:—Table of the probabilities of Human Life, calculated by Domitius Ulpianus, Prime Minister to Alexander Severus, and extracted from Emilius Macer.

Age.	Probable future Life.	
From 0 to 20 years	-	- 30 years
20 — 25	—	- 28 —
25 — 30	—	- 25 —
30 — 35	—	- 22 —
35 — 40	—	- 20 —
40 — 45	—	- 18 —
45 — 50	—	- 13 —
50 — 55	—	- 9 —
55 — 60	—	- 7 —
60 — 65	—	- 5 —

M. de la Malle says, that this table was formed from the property-tables, the registers of birth, puberty, manhood, death, age, sex, diseases, &c. which were kept by the Romans with the greatest exactness, from the time of Servius Tullius to that of Justinian. Ulpianus fixes thirty years as the mean duration of human life during that period. It is extraordinary that the chances of life detailed in the above table are precisely those which the registers of mortality in the city of Florence exhibit in the present day.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

AN APRIL FOOL.

The First of April's All-fools' Day,
You'll grant me this fact?—nay, sir, nay,
The first of every month's the same,
Ditto the last—the more's the shame.
Each year, past or to come's fools' year—
Folly never halts in her career;
When time is o'er and worlds have fled,
Then—only then, is folly dead.

TOM BROWN.

Go look for truth in deism, or sense in atheism,
Or discouragement to theism, in a Cambridge school,
Court an author for his pence, read Shelley for his sense,
And dub yourself from hence—forth an April fool.
Believe that rebel Brougham, with Bennet and with Hume,
Hath caused our present gloom, like an envious goule,
Or that Canning in his station has delivered to the nation
An exceeding dull oration—oh, you April fool!
Believe that Irving preaches in a pair of shooting breeches,
And that Mrs. Coutts enriches each aspiring tool,

Or that holy Theodore Hook (who will soon be made a duke)
 Hath writ a pious book—oh, you April fool.
 Believe that the Lord Mayor (oh wondrous !) had a share
 In the writing of that ere "Paul Pry" with Poole,
 And that Alderman Sir Billy, most shamefully called silly,
 Composed "Sir Andrew Wyllie"—oh, you April fool !
 Believe that of Blackwood the editor is Pack-wood,
 Whose razors will hack wood, and by the same rule
 That our very famous hero Duke Wellington, like Nero,*
 Danced in Berlin a bolero—oh, you April fool !
 Believe, sir, moreover, that Coleridge sailed over
 From Calais to Dover on a witch's stool,
 Believe, too, which is oddest, (or in Latin *mirum quod est*)
 That Cobbett has turned modest—oh, you April fool !
 Believe, if you please, that the moon is made of cheese,
 And that lawyers pocket fees as a *novel* rule ;
 That Billingsgate's fair fry's no longer d—n your eyes,
 But are elegant and wise—oh, you April fool !
 Believe all this, I pray, set forth in my lay,
 (Don't you think it witty, eh ?) and you'll need no school
 Ing to tell you that this song is as humorous as long,
 And as sensible as strong—oh, you April fool !
Monthly Magazine.

* The rhyme obliges me to this—sometimes
 Kings are not more imperative than rhymes.
 BYRON.

DESTRUCTION OF AN ELEPHANT AT GENEVA, IN MAY, 1820.

FOR about a fortnight a fine Bengal elephant had been exhibited at Geneva. The elephants of this species are taller than those of Africa. They have an elevated cranium, which has two protuberances on its summit ; the frontal bone is rather concave, and the head proportionably longer ; their tusks are smaller than those of the African elephant. The animal in question had but one ; he had lost the other by some accident. He was nine feet high, and of a dark-brown colour. He was ten years old, and was bought in London six years ago. Mademoiselle Garnier, (the niece of his proprietor), to whom he was much attached, always travelled with him. This lady was the proprietor of the elephant which broke loose at Venice a few years ago, and which was killed by a cannon-shot, after it had committed considerable ravages in the city.

The one in question was of a much greater character, and had excited a general interest during its stay in Geneva, by its docility and intelligence ; it performed, at the command of its keeper, all the usual tricks which are taught these animals, with a promptitude of obedience, a dexterity, and one might almost say, a grace, which were quite remarkable. Whenever Mademoiselle Garnier witnessed his exercises, which was frequently the case, her presence seemed to call forth all these qualities to an extraordinary degree.

We learnt from this lady that he was so familiar and social that he had more than once appeared on the stage in large towns, as for instance at Lille, Antwerp, &c. playing the principal part in a procession, and seeming proud to carry the lady who acted the princess, before whom he would kneel to take her on his back. So far from being frightened at the lights, the music, and the noise of the house, he seemed delighted to take a part in the ceremony.

Accustomed as he was to liberty, and much as he loved it, he yet endured confinement with great patience, and when his keeper came to fasten him up for the night, he used to stretch out his foot to receive the iron ring by which he was chained till morning, to a post deeply fixed in the earth.

He did not travel in a cage ; he was led from one town to another by night ; he had three drivers, his keeper, properly so called, and two others, one of whom had always inspired him with more fear than attachment.

During the latter part of his stay at Geneva he had exhibited some symptoms of excitement and restlessness, arising from two causes—the one the frequent discharges of musketry from the soldiers who were exercised near his habitation, at which he was greatly irritated ; the other the paroxysms to which these animals are subject for several weeks in the spring. Nevertheless, he had never disobeyed nor menaced his keepers.

His departure from Lausanne was fixed for the 31st of May. He left Geneva at midnight, the gates and drawbridges having been opened for that purpose by permission of the magistrate at the head of the military police.

He was driven by his keeper and his two assistants, who carried a lantern. Mademoiselle Garnier was to follow in the morning. He made no difficulty in crossing the drawbridge, and took the road to Switzerland, apparently in high spirits. But before he had gone more than a quarter of a league from the town,

and from some cause which has never been discovered, he appeared out of humour with the keeper, and disposed to attack him. The keeper ran away towards the city; the elephant pursued him up to the gate, which the officer on guard opened, on his own responsibility, wisely calculating that it would be more easy to secure him within the town than without it, and that he might do immense mischief on the high roads. He re-entered the town without hesitation, pursuing, rather than following his keeper and guides, between whom and himself all influence, whether of attachment or of fear, seemed at an end. From this moment he was his own master.

He walked for some time in the place de Saint Gervais, appearing to enjoy his liberty and the beauty of the night. He lay down for a few minutes on a heap of sand, which had been prepared for some repairs in the pavement, and played with the stones collected for the same purpose. Perceiving one of his guides, who was watching him at the entrance of one of the bridges over the Rhone, he ran at him, and would have attacked him, and probably have done him some serious injury, if he had not escaped just in time.

Mademoiselle Garnier being informed of what had passed, immediately hastened to him, and trusting to the attachment he had always shown for her, she ventured to try her influence in leading him to some place of safety; she went up to him with great courage, and having furnished herself with some dainties, of which he was particularly fond, and speaking to him with gentleness and confidence, she led him into a place enclosed with walls near the barrack he had inhabited, into which he could not be induced to return. This place, called the Bastion d'Hollande, adjoined a shed containing caissons, wagons, and gun-carriages; there were also cannon-balls piled up in an adjoining yard. The animal being left alone, and the gate shut upon him, he amused himself with trying his strength and skill upon every thing within his reach; he raised several caissons and threw them on their sides, and seemed pleased at turning the wheels; he took up the balls with his trunk, and tossed them up in the air, and ran about with a vivacity which might have been ascribed either to gaiety or to irritation.

At two in the morning, the syndic of the guard being informed of the circumstance, went to the spot to consult on the measures to be taken. He found Mademoiselle Garnier in a state of the ut-

most distress and agitation, entreating that the elephant might be killed in the most speedy and certain way possible. The magistrate, who shared in the general feeling of interest this noble and gentle creature had excited in the town, at first opposed this resolution. He represented to his mistress that he was now in a place of security against all danger, whether to the public or himself; that his present state of irritation was, in its very nature, transient, and would soon yield to a proper regimen. These representations were ineffectual, Mademoiselle Garnier having still present to her mind the occurrences at Venice, and feeling the whole weight and responsibility of the management of the animal thrown on herself alone, (for the keeper and guides had decidedly refused to attend upon him again, and it was not easy to find successors who would undertake the task, or whom the elephant would suffer to approach him), persisted in her demand. The magistrate would not give his consent until it was put in writing and signed.

From that moment arrangements were made for putting him to the most sure and speedy death, either by poison or fire-arms. On the one hand the chemists were laid under contribution for the necessary drugs, while, on the other, two breaches were made in the wall, at each of which a four-pounder was placed, which was to be the *ratio ultima* if the poison failed in its effects.

M. Mayor, an eminent surgeon, a learned lover of natural history, and one of the Directors of the Museum, had taken great delight in visiting the elephant during the whole time of his stay, and the animal had evinced a particular affection for him. This fact, which was known to the magistrate, induced him to request M. Mayor to administer the poison. M. Mayor felt an extreme repugnance to an action which seemed to him almost treacherous; but the supreme law, the *salus populi*, was imperative, and silenced every other consideration. M. Mayor at first made choice of prussic acid; after mixing about three ounces of it, with about ten ounces of brandy, which was the animal's favourite liquor, he called him by his name to one of the breaches. The elephant came immediately at the sound of a well-known and beloved voice, seized the bottle containing the fatal beverage with his trunk, and swallowed it at one draught, as if it had been his usual drink. But this poison, the operation of which, even in the smallest doses, is usually tremendously rapid, did not appear to produce any sensible

effect on him; he began to walk backwards, but with a firm step, to the middle of the enclosure, where he lay down for some moments. It was now thought that the poison was beginning to act, but he soon rose again, and began to play with the caissons, and to walk about in the court-yard of the arsenal. M. Mayor, presuming that the prussic acid which had been kept some time, had lost its strength, prepared three boluses of an ounce of arsenic each, mixed with honey and sugar. The elephant came again at his call, and took them all from his hand. At the expiration of a quarter of an hour, he did not appear at all affected by them. A fresh dose was then offered him; he took it, smelt at it for some minutes, then threw it to a distance, and began again to play all sorts of tricks. Sometimes he came to the breach, and, twining his trunk round the mouth of the cannon, pushed it back as if he had some indistinct notion of the danger which threatened him.

It was five in the morning when the first dose of poison was administered; an hour had now elapsed, and no symptom of its internal action appeared. Meanwhile the time at which the market is held drew near, the space around the walls was rapidly filling, and would soon be blocked up by inquisitive spectators. The order was therefore given to fire. The gunner dexterously seized the moment in which the elephant, who had just advanced to the breach, was retiring, and presented his side. The mouth of the cannon almost touched him. The ball entered near the ear behind the right eye, and came out behind the left ear; it had still strength enough to go through a thick partition on the opposite side of the enclosure, and at length spent itself against a wall. The animal stood still for two or three seconds, then tottered, and fell on its side without any convulsion or movement whatever.

The event circulated through the town with the rapidity of lightning; the people, led by a feeling stronger than mere curiosity, rushed in crowds to the spot; grief and regret were painted on every face. "They have killed the elephant." "What had the noble creature done? he was so good, so gentle, so amiable!" "What a pity!" And then they ran with one accord to the spot, to satisfy themselves with a nearer view. The eagerness was so great that the authorities were obliged to take steps for keeping order in the crowd, and a small sum of money was demanded from each for the benefit of the proprietor. The same evening, in consequence of an arrange-

ment entered into with Mademoiselle Garnier, for securing the remains of the animal for the Museum, the surgeons proceeded to open the body, which they continued to dissect for several successive days. The operations were very skilfully directed, and almost entirely executed by M. Mayor, the Chevalier Bourdet, and M. Vichet. Their courage and perseverance in braving for whole days, and in hot weather, the inconvenience inseparable from such a task, can only be appreciated by those who, like ourselves, were constant and grateful witnesses of them. In the course of these operations, and even before they were begun, they took an exact measurement of the animal's dimensions, that its form might be perfectly preserved in the artificial carcass. They traced its silhouette with the greatest accuracy on the opposite wall, which had been previously covered with a coat of very smooth plaster; they also took separate casts of its head, and the two feet of one side. All the principal viscera, except the liver, which decomposed too rapidly, and the brain, which was shattered by the ball, were carefully removed and preserved in a solution of oxygenated muriate of mercury. Their enormous dimensions render them precursors to the observant and studious anatomist. The spleen was six feet long. As for the muscular or fleshy parts, as the season would not allow of their slow dissection, they were taken away rather by the hatchet than the bistoury; and there was no difficulty in disposing of them; they were given to the public, who were extremely eager and anxious to eat elephant's flesh, and much tempted by its excellent appearance, dressed as it was with every variety of sauce. They seemed perfectly regardless of the poison, which indeed had not time to develop itself in the muscular system. Three or four hundred persons ate of it, and no one was, to our knowledge, the worse, except one or two individuals, who brought on a fit of indigestion by eating to excess. The osseous carcass has been the object of peculiar care and attention, and was put into a state of maceration previous to recomposing the skeleton, which is to be deposited in the Museum of Natural History. The interest taken in this establishment is so strong, that the large sum required to secure possession of the entire carcass of the elephant, was raised by subscription in a few days. The skin was found too thick to be tanned by the ordinary process, and as the epidermis began to detach itself naturally, it was carefully separated from the dermis, which it was not essential to preserve entire.

The epidermis retains its proper consistency, and will be rendered supple by a well-known process, when it is wanted to cover the artificial carcass which is constructing by several able mechanics, under the direction of Messrs. Mayor and Bourdet.

The event which happened at Venice, and that of which we have now given the principal details, seem to prove that the owners of elephants ought not to be permitted to travel with them on foot, and at liberty. In India, where these animals are in some sort domesticated, when one of them is attacked by the paroxysm to which this fell a victim, two old and well-trained elephants are sent after him; they seize him with their trunks, and drag him to a place of safety, where he is subjected to a regimen. If he struggles violently, a third elephant is set to push him behind with the points of his tusks, so that he is compelled to yield. As precautions of this sort cannot be taken in Europe, it is incumbent on the police to supply the want of them by adequate provisions against a danger which cannot be denied. A very little more and our elephant would have been perfectly at large in broad daylight, and in a populous city, on market-day. The possible, and even probable consequences, cannot be thought of without shuddering.—*London Mag.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SEVERAL articles fixed for insertion in our present Number, are unavoidably deferred.

In answer to several Correspondents, we beg to state, that we have not lost sight of any of the topics which have successively occupied the MIRROR; and that we shall be soon seen at "THE WATERING PLACES;" instantly resume our account of the "Charitable Institutions in London;" occasionally give an "Illustration of Shakspeare;" continue our "NOVELLIST," if we live, until we exceed the Arabian Nights' Entertainments in the number of its Tales; brush up our memory for "Reminiscences;" move gradually, but more rapidly than hitherto, in the "Circle of the Sciences;" and suggest "Useful Domestic Hints," when they occur to us. In these departments our Correspondents can assist us; and we are so convinced of their good will, that we are sure they only want to know the best means of rendering us a service.

"The German Cenci" is left at the office for the author.

E. G. will find a letter for him at our publisher's.

We entreat all Correspondents who send an article, to write their names and initials in a manner in which they can be read, which is not the case with many excellent penmen, who cut most clever, no doubt, but very inexplicable, flourishes, when they come to their signatures.

The Lines on seeing "The Waterloo Waltz," are not original.

We much doubt that the adoption of the hint of *Fahrenheit* would improve our MIRROR, but we thank him for the suggestion.

If the letter kindly offered by Mr. Legg contains general information, we should feel obliged by his promised extracts.

J. K. is informed, that no answers to letters can be given through the medium of the MIRROR, except those that relate to it alone.

If W. F. D. will favour us with a sight of his prints of the Savoy, he will much oblige us.

Mr. Armitage has our thanks, though we do not at present see how we can best turn his kind communications to advantage.

We are much obliged by G. E. B.'s communication, which shall have early insertion.

"Muswell Hermitage" shall have a place.

We have no recollection of the Lines alluded to by T. W. M. F.

Janet, P. T. W., and A. B. C., shall have an early place.

Hector M. Turk has been received, and we thank him for his candour.

F. R. Y. in our next.

T. E. K.'s drawing has been received, and we thank him much; we will consider on its adoption.

Betty Bobtail is, we think, likely to see herself in our MIRROR.

E. F. will find a letter for him at our publisher's.

The Anecdotes sent by R. H. T.—s, of V. T., are not very striking.

The Lines sent by R. R. are of too serious a cast for our MIRROR.

H. K. and E. K. are quite inadmissible; 'storm' and 'gone' do not rhyme, and let the writer adopt his own pronunciation of *Heloise*, he cannot make it rhyme to both 'joys' and 'rise.'

Will †† specify the articles to which he alludes, for we cannot distinguish his two, any more than we can do the several articles sent by as many "Constant Readers."

We do not see the jest of the Peep into the Wardrobe.

Queries like those sent by X. L. W. P. may rack the brain, but it will be to no good purpose.

W., who we suspect writes to us under half a dozen different signatures and initials, will find a full account of the Palace of Sheen in Evans' *Richmond*.

The Journal of a Welsh Curate is sufficiently well known; we, however, thank J. S. W.

Melrose Abbey is intended for insertion.

Y. Z. has our thanks.

The article sent by J. J. D. is too well known.

We do not recollect the article to which T. W. W. of Fulham, alludes. We repeat, that Correspondents, in inquiring after any paper, should mention the title or subject of it. If they had any idea of the number of letters we receive, they would deem explicitness indispensable.

The Sketch of St. Anthony's Well will be acceptable.

Tom Stiles' note and the scissors should not have been separated.

The Praise of Cymry shall have a place; as shall W. V. H.; *Antiquities*; L. T. S.; G. K. G.; *Confucius*; P. S. A.; W. H. H.

The following communications have been received:—*Don Quixotte*; B.; W. S. L.—s; C. C.; *Guillaume*; Mrs. Whitehead; F. C. N.; Edwin; J. Jones; W. C.; *Astiquis*; Frances J.; J. B.; H. F.; and T. J. J.

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